



VOL. III. RENSSELAER, (COLLEGEVILLE P. O.) IND., NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 2.

Memories of the Past.

BALLADE.

Upon the past we press no claim
Except for actions nobly done,
Although engraven with our name,
We only have our present sun.
But often with elastic tread
We waft ourselves through regions vast.
Or rest in gardens where we're led
By happy mem'ries of the past.

And when oppressed in weary life
We rest upon the staff of time,
For this great weapon in the strife
Gives courage from a source sublime.
For mortals what an omen true,
Of vict'ry what a sure forecast?
Refreshing as the morning dew
Are happy mem'ries of the past.

Our consolation in old age
Commences in our very prime;
This self-accomplished heritage
We must accumulate in time.
What happiness if it attend
When our eternal die is cast,
If trustingly we may depend
On happy mem'ries of the past.

ENVOY.

Like fragrant flow'rs in season bloom
Are noble actions well amassed;
Recalled in time of pressing gloom,
Thrice happy mem'ries of the past.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK, A. M.

"NATURE'S ORACLE" ON THE "ORACLE OF GOD."

We have already followed the footsteps of great seekers over the wastes of brooding silence through the land of vast ruins, pyramids, and the abode of the sphinxes, which bequeath to solemn Egypt the epithet, riddle of nations and silent land of impenetrable mysteries. We followed the Nile in its course through alternating marsh and desert and observed the antique marvels of the sagacious Egyptians, notably above all the mystic sphinxes whose calm, grand faces, are partially averted; for the mute lips and sorrowful eyes, as it were, almost seem to betray the arcanum which they keep silent.

Thence we launched our ship of fancy, and, driven by the current of thought, sallied forth on the mystic river of Time, which flows through the domain of mysteries. On following this solemn, wonderful stream on which floated the glittering changing tumult of thousands of years of life, we contemplated the sphinxes of Life, Death, Future, Eternity, and Providence, all veritable sphinxes whose penetralia we cannot enter, and who are waiting in majestic patience for their spell of silence to be broken as they hearken to the echoing footsteps of nations passing down the river to their destiny. Crouched at the strand was that huge sphinx, Terrestrial Nature, and woe civilization cowering at her feet vainly endeavoring to solve the profound enigmas.

Let us again veer our course of thought to the land where the mythological Zeus went banqueting among the Ethiopians, where the African princes watched from afar the destruction of Cambyse's army, to the river bearing upon its heaving bosom

anon, the cradle of Moses, the gay barges of the inundation festivals, the gorgeous bark of Cleopatra, the victorious trireme of Antony, and the screaming vessels of Napoleon's soldiers. As one floats along the rippling, widening surface of the ever flowing Nile, winding past beds of glistening lotus flowers, past undulating ramparts of foliage, his eyes espy an antiquated colossal statue scaled by adventurous vines that triumphantly wave their banners of white, purple, and yellow. This is said to be the statue of Memnon. Ancient writers record that, when the orient rays of the rising sun fell upon this statue, sounds were heard issuing from it compared to the snapping of a harp string, prolonging tender tones and echoes.

From all ages of the world, mankind was prone to draw aside the veil of the present and peer into the future. Knowledge of the past, present, and future happenings were also sought from the mouthpiece of this vocal Memnon, or singing statue, by the Egyptians who flocked from far and near to consult its oracles. Now this huge statue is mum, no voice is audible no longer does it utter oracles of deceiving words to the conceited ancients.

But what were the rude twangings and melodious voices of this grotesque statue which it is fabled to have uttered when the "king of day" rose upon it, when compared to the response of the soul of man when the "King of kings" rises upon it and like a vibrating chord then sounds forth its emotions and passions. It is then that the voice of God speaks in the sanctuary of our soul and is inevitably heard even if we would rather not listen; for

"Still there whispers from a voice within,
 Heard through silence and o'er glories din,
 Where ever creed be taught, or land be
 trod,

Man's conscience is the oracle of God!"

It is this inward monitor that interprets and applies the law of duty written on the fleshy tablets of every human heart. Without this sense of duty the intellect and active power of man would be aimless.

Conscience, one of the noble qualities with which God has endowed the human soul, is an important factor in our life. It has been the theme of many poets, who treated this salient subject with the deepest consideration. Conscience is most distinctly manifest when it comes into conflict with the impulse of strong and vehement emotions; it is then our guiding star and can never be hidden in the clouds of passion. This state of the human soul agitated to the full extent of its capacity for emotions, is frequently selected by the poets as a subject for delineation. Shakespeare, "Nature's Oracle", often alludes to all these offices of conscience with the happiest effect.

The constant monitory power of conscience is aptly illustrated by one of the murderers about to assassinate the Duke of Clarence, when he says: "I'll not meddle with it, conscience is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom, and fills one full of obstacles."

Conscience is sometimes perplexed to choose between two evils; this state of conscience is manifested in the "Merchant of Venice, by Launcelot wavering between the dictates of conscience when he says: "Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, "budge"; "budge not" says the fiend, "budge" says my conscience. Falstaff in

the "Merry Wives of Windsor says: "I myself, sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch."

The anguish which attends upon an action not yet commenced but only resolved upon, while we fully realize its unlawfulness, is pertinently elucidated in the case of Brutus; who, though a man of great fortitude, was, by the anguish of contending emotions, deprived of sleep and so changed in his behavior as to give Portia reasons to suspect the cause of his disquietude. He says:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection."

The state of the mind of man meditating a wicked act and the temporary victory of conscience are seen in the following extract from "Macbeth". He recalls the relations in which Duncan stood to him and these produce so strong a conviction of the atrocity of the contemplated murder that he decided not to commit the act saying:

"If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the all, and end all here.
 But here he is in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties, so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
 against
 The deep damnation of his taking off."

On concocting a crime, a man does not see why he might not commit it without the least certainty of escaping detection,

or why he should even be suspected. But as soon as he becomes guilty, his thoughts are entirely changed. He becomes suspicious of every one and sees everything through a false medium. Hence he cannot act as an innocent man and this difference in his conduct is often the sure means of his detection. Thus Macbeth after the murder of Duncan.

“Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! They pluck out
mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash this
blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my right hand
will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.”

All readers of Shakespere are familiar with Alonzo in the “Tempest” where he narrates the adventures and is overwrought with awe and apprehension that he hears the lamenting voice of conscience complaining in accents of tender reproach.

“O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Me thought the billows spake and told me of
it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.”

Any one who examines his own heart will be conscious of another class of feelings consequent to those we have just alluded to, like that in “Henry VIII,” where the peaceful, cheering, mysteriously commanding notes are struck:

“What, stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?”

Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

Conscience must not be debarred of its functions else we have shame, remorse, and a sense of duty violated, a most permanent source of dissatisfactions.

“The poet of Despair” in delicate sympathy with nature also experienced this state of mind, and by the most incisive words he ever wrote anent conscience he admonished thus:

“The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly scorched by thousand throes
And inly maddened in her ire
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain
Gives but one pang and cures all pain
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath given
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath
Around it flames, within it death.”

The peace of a good conscience is the greatest earthly happiness and a foretaste of paradise. The soul experiences a calm, high satisfaction, a sense of duty done, the greatest of all satisfactions.

“A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience.”

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97



A CHARACTER SKETCH OF WILLIAM DOBBIN.

According to the definition most commonly given, a novel is a fictitious history of surprising and entertaining events in common life. One might be led to suppose from this that none but highly interesting extraordinary happenings, in life should be mentioned in a novel; but this is far from being the case. The aim of the novelist should be to portray life as it is rather than as it should be. The faults as well as the virtues of society should be pointed out, that the reader may be enabled to judge of its real worth, and may learn to know men as they are.

Judged by this standard, I cannot but consider Thackeray the best novelist that I have met so far; the novelist *par excellence*, and his work "Vanity Fair," the ideal novel.

It is called a "Novel without a Hero;" but I am inclined to believe that this is but a piece of criticism, a mild satire upon society. In fact, the book is one piece of wit and humor, which skillfully combined, form a pleasing satire. Brave, honest, generous, and noble-hearted Dobbin is, in my humble opinion, the real hero of Vanity Fair, though not acknowledged as such.

The picture of Dobbin as a school-boy one would suppose to be Father Finn's creation. How tender-hearted, forgiving, and faithful poor Dobbin appears in the company of Master George Osborne and his other associates who amuse themselves at his expense. He is unassuming, not dull; his actions prompted by a conciliatory nature do not disclose any undue weakness of mind or character, but evince a

certain manliness. Our love for the school-boy Dobbin is changed into admiration for Captain Dobbin, because of his true and noble friendship for George. One can hardly conceive a more unselfish and self-sacrificing friendship than that with which Dobbin guided the steps of his comrade. This attachment is the more noble because bestowed upon one who, though of a good and loving disposition, does not fully appreciate the sterling worth of his friend, but is at times carried away by rashness and insolence that would be sufficient to break up any ordinary friendship.

There is no doubt that Dobbin was attached to Amelia even before her marriage, but seeing her love for George, he at once lends his assistance to bring about their union and ever afterward continues to be the guardian of Osborne's and Amelia's happiness. What a beautiful culmination of Osborne's and Dobbin's friendship we behold on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, when Captain Osborne pours forth all the affection and love which he secretly cherished for William, asks his pardon for his former coldness towards him and entrusts to him his wife, that her friend may right the wrong which the husband inflicted.

Never was a commission more faithfully executed. We are astonished at the consideration and tact displayed by him who in society was considered awkward; the care which he bestows upon Amelia is that which one would give to the wife of a friend that has been entrusted to him, though he loves her with the intensity of

a lover. No objection can be urged against this love; it is pure and laudable, because in accordance with the wishes of his dead friend and for the good of Amelia.

But out of respect for her sorrow he disguises his feelings and continues to protect her in the role of a servant. The treatment which Amelia accorded Dobbin, both as friend and suitor, makes us almost think her undeserving of such an ideal husband; nevertheless, we rejoice in their happiness.

The impressions that I have yet retained from reading *Vanity Fair* reveal Dobbin in the light of a hero, which is, however, without the brilliancy that surrounds the hero or heroine of most of the other novels whose eyes sparkle like diamonds though they be closed in sleep. On the contrary, I consider William Dobbin shy and awkward, but these defects of nature vanish in the lustre of his noble character and sterling qualities of heart.

ARNOLD F. WEYMAN, '97.



MY SISTER FANCY'S STORY.

The sun was fast breaking the eastern horizon as we were slowly ascending a mountain, the summit of which was just high enough to entice us to the undertaking of making its rather steep and rugged ascent in the hope of being amply rewarded for our toilsome task. Some shrubby oak striplings that had found root in the hillside crevices, were the only means by which we were able to support ourselves and thus continue our upward journey. We soon realized that the sedentary habits of school did not qualify us for this kind of labor and it was only with difficulty that we reached the top where, overcome with exhaustion, we seated ourselves on the rocks and viewed the country in the direction whence we had come.

Being refreshed by a cool breeze that was gently blowing from the west, and having surveyed the eastern valley without meeting with any picturesque scenes, we started in quest of better sights to the other side of the mountain. Soon we came to a place where the ground or rather the rocks rose abruptly to a height of about ten feet. This wall, for such it

seemed to be, formed the western edge of the mountain. Having scaled the seemly artificial fortification, we beheld the valley below in all its grandeur. The sun had now risen a little above the level of the mountain top and was unfolding its mild rays on the beautiful, placid lake which spread out in the valley environed on nearly all sides by a frame of dense foliage, or woodland bowery. The sight was lovely. The level sheet of the silvery water reflected the amber image of the king of day and I thought to myself, if the resplendent rays of the inanimate and inferior creature is already so bright, how beautiful must be the soul of man, the image or reflex ray, as it were, of the Creator? The trees and bushes clustering on the shore hung their dewy tops over the border of the lake as if to bathe once more their loose tresses in the limpid basin. Huge, wide-branched oaks, which perhaps hid many a noble stag from view, covered the dale adjoining the crystal lake. In the hazy distance mountains could be seen towering one above the other, and a shining streamlet winding its way around hills

and over precipices until it flowed on a level and quietly entered the bosom of the lake.

By this time Phoebus was fast veering his fiery chariot over the eminence where we sat and we soon decided to hie ourselves from his sultry hippodrome. Through an opening, or hollow, we effected our descent from the mountain towards the cooling shades below. The sylvan solitude was disturbed only by the melodies of merry birds as they gayly skipped about and perched themselves on the slender limbs of the mighty king of the forest. Seating ourselves in the solemn temple of the Creator where we soon felt His omnipresence, we suddenly heard in the distance a faint rustling of leaves and a crackling and breaking of fallen twigs and branches. With an eager eye we watched the places whence the sounds proceeded. Every now and anon we would hear the

same noise at different parts of the forest and, as it approached the lake, the tufts of the green copse could be seen pushing apart as if the wind had agitated their quiet attitude. Nearer and nearer the parting of the thicket approached the water until at length the forms of five noble deer emerged from the wavering bushes and stood on the brink of the lake, looking about in every direction as if to insure their safety. Having slaked their thirst, they nimbly disappeared with a bound in the underwood. Immediately we set out to follow them, when I was suddenly recalled by the familiar voice of my brother Reason, who bade me accompany him through the entanglements of Greek roots and here my joy ended; but I was soothed and cheered up by my brother's grave words still ringing in my ears: "The root is bitter, but the fruit is sweet."

ALEXANDER COOK, '98.



THE MORNING STAR OF ENGLISH SONG.

The Great Island whose natural destiny it is, by its geographical position, to be the mother of modern colonies, was likewise, by the same aptitude of situation, the center of attractions to early invaders. England may have thus inherited its colonizing spirit from the various tribes that have at different times taken possession of the island and divided its fairest portions among themselves. Celtic soil has afforded habitation for classic Rome's sturdy sons and daughters, who again relinquished the land to the still hardier kindred race of the Teutons. These men from northern Europe were compelled, in turn, to share

the soil with their spirited and energetic cousins, the Norman French.

While the Gothic element thus formed the foundation of English character and the basis of the English language and literature, the Classic element, through the influence of the Latin and the French, has contributed both elegance and flexibility. Out of a just combination of these two elements, which no other European language can boast of, as they have only the one or the other, the grand structure of English literature was to arise. Such soil could not but produce great poets, capable at once of sympathizing with Classic as

well as Gothic thought, as Craik remarks in his *English Literature and Language*. The different elements, however, had to undergo the slow and natural process of a thorough amalgamation before unity and beauty of style in any literary production could be expected.

Chaucer's poetical writings are the first bright blossomings of thought indigenous to this composite soil, after it had been ploughed and harrowed by the Normans for three centuries. He is not only the morning star of English poetry, but also very aptly the poet of vernal delight of the lusty month of April. The showers of his poetry do not help to swell the wild maddening torrents of some mountain stream, nor resemble the dull, dreary pattering of rain upon the housetops; but they gently penetrate the thirsty soil and "bathe the tender roots in sweet liquor" with its marly sediment. The opening lines of our poet's prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* where he mentions what we all experience, that nature wakes us betimes in spring and goads us on to enjoy the balmy and bracing air on a pilgrim's journey, reminds one of the late German poet Weber's "Dreizehn Linden" celebrating primitive Saxon themes on Teutonic soil in which we read, likewise in the introductory lines, in the celebrated author's own peculiar style, that it is delightful in the days of Spring to seize the palmer's staff and walk through the Creator's garden. Chaucer's motley cavalcade of two and thirty riders, persons representing nearly all the stations of life and classes of society from the "very perfect gentle knight" upon his steed to the weather worn soppy old sailor upon his cart-horse, must be to a vivid imagination picturesque and amusing as the idea is originally and dramatically carried out by the author; though there are no reasons to disbelieve, nay it is even probable, that the

idea had a foundation in fact. The *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer's masterpiece, is a decided English production, as it exhibits the first extensive picture of English life and customs; they are good specimens of Merry England. In some of the tales we must follow our poet over to Europe and across the sea into Asia. The knight's tale displays a classic touch and exhibits descriptive and imaginative passages that vie with some of Shakespeare's. Crisildis in the clerk's pathetic story has become synonymous with wifely patience and fidelity.

The first flower of English poetry sprung from Gothic and Classic soil could not otherwise than be as graceful and vigorous as the soil itself and stand in English literature in perennial bloom unscathed by the blighting frost of criticism. If Chaucer is not more familiar to us it is owing to the complex physiognomy of his words that had not as yet outlived their French complexion or shaken off their clumsy burden of Saxon lethargy. The various attempts to modernize the spelling of so popular a poet so as to make him intelligible to ordinary readers has met with unhappy results. Though it was not until after the sixteenth century that our language had become stereotyped, as it were, in grammar and orthography, Chaucer furnished and prepared the plates that made this comparative fixity possible.

The first English poet and founder of English literature, it has been said, was a Lollard, or an adherent of Wiclif; and this is asserted upon the fact that John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster and father of Henry IV., who was Wiclif's great upholder, was likewise Chaucer's life-long patron. Besides this fact and some occasional satire found in Chaucer's lines at the expense of certain ecclesiastics, though always expressed, unlike Wiclif's style, in a good-natured manner, there can be no posi-

tive proof adduced for the above assertion.

The extremely vulgar and irreverent passages found in the author of the *Canterbury Tales*, while they cannot be palliated, must be viewed in the light of the age in which they were written, and placed in the scale of criticism along side of his deeply religious sentiments. In conclusion we will quote the following from Murray's *English Literature*: "In his life or works there is nothing to prove that the 'Father of English Poetry' was anything but a Catholic. His last days were spent within the precincts of a religious house. A record is still extant in the office of the Dean and Chapter of West-minister from which we see that on the 24th of November, 1399, — the year before his death — Chaucer took a lease for fifty years, from the abbot, prior, and convent of Westminster, of a house situated in the garden of their chapel. Here the venerable poet's dying moments were, doubtless, soothed by having conferred upon him those mysterious blessings which the Catholic religion alone can bestow.

The following lines on the Virgin are a fair specimen of the poet's style, and reveal, at the same time, the depth of religious feeling that must have been his, to have inspired so beautiful a tribute to the Mother of God.

Glorious Mayde and Mother, which that
never

Wert bitter, nor in earthe nor in sea,
But full of Sweetnesse and of mercye ever,
Help that my Father be not wroth with me!

Speak thou, for I ne dare not him y—see:
So have I done in earth, alas the while!
That, certes but that thou my succor be,
To sink etirne he will my ghost exile

Queene of comfort yet whan I me bethynke
That I a—guilty have both him and thee,
And that my soul is worthy for to synke,
Alas, I, caitiff, whither may I flee?

Who shall unto thy Son my mene be?
Who but thy self, that art of pity well?
Thou hast more ruth on our adversite
Than in this world myght any tongue tell!

V. KROLL, '98.



NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past
And makes a little summer where it grows;
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks confine;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with ivy-twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students.
OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

Collegeville, P. O. - - Ind.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year's subscription	\$1.00
One half year50
Single copies.....	.10

☞ Communications from past students kindly solicited and gratefully accepted by THE COLLEGIAN.

☞ All remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be thus addressed; ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, Collegeville, P. O., Ind.

☞ The object of this paper is not to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students, in the interest of the students, and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the COLLEGIAN from students' parents and friends, who cannot but take a lively concern in the general advancement of those dear to them at college.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

WILLIAM D. SULLIVAN, '97,	Editor-in-Chief
ARNOLD F. WEYMAN, '97,	Editor
IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97,	Exchange Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

EDWARD J. MUNGOVAN, '97,	
EDWARD J. VOGEL, '97,	
GERMAIN C. HEIMBURGER, '97,	
FRANCIS J. KOCH, '97,	
ALBERT C. RIESTER, '98,	
DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98,	
FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99,	
THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99,	

NICHOLAS H. GRIEWE, '96, Business Manager

EDITORIAL.

The Columbian-Field Day celebration has come and gone, and deserves to be remembered as one of the most successful of all occasions of a similar nature ever projected by the students of the College. The Columbians, it is needless to say, ob-

served the anniversary of the founding of their Literary Society appropriately and enthusiastically, and gave ample proof that their characteristic energy and ability is still with them, strong and promising as ever in days of yore. Their brilliant record is too well known, however, to make praise or commendation necessary, and we will confine ourselves to offering them our congratulations on their past success and our best wishes for its continuance in the future.

The field program being a decided departure from the staid customs of former years, claims special attention. The numbers were all interesting, and when the difficulties to be surmounted and the want of time for preparation and elaboration are considered, it is plain that too much credit cannot be given to the originators and promoters of the movement.

To the eleven sturdy champions who sent the Red, White and Green to the peak by their brilliant victory on the gridiron, it is impossible to say how much we owe. Until the present year foot-ball has never found much favor among us, and consequently there has been an utter lack of out-door sports from the close of the base-ball season until its re-opening in the spring. Happily this is now a thing of the past, and what is of more importance, there has been aroused a feeling of college spirit the worth of which cannot be overestimated. Heretofore the practice of pitting the different teams of the College against one another exclusively, has had the tendency to "divide the house against itself" rather than to consolidate it; but with the barriers removed and permission granted to contest with outside organizations, all will flock to the common standard and by their efforts on the field or their encouragement from the lines, endeavor to sustain the honor of their

Alma Mater against all opposition. And let us add that it is the remembrance of just such days as these that appeal to the hearts of the Alumni of our colleges and made them their firmest supporters of the schools, the scenes of the "good old times" of which they speak so feelingly whenever chance brings them together. It should be our endeavor, then, to encourage such movements at all times, both for our own good while we are here, and for the sake of the time to come. St. Joseph's is still in the days of her infancy, it is true, but it is not too soon to be mindful of her future; and this we are sure, will depend in no little measure upon the influences of the present.

The death of George du Maurier, famous as an artist and recently very popular as a novelist, has given rise to discussions whether the fame of the novelist will survive that of the artist and vice versa. It is our decided opinion that the fame of the novelist will ere long suffer the fate of the popularity of "Trilby." Peter Ibbetson will, no doubt, retain its place in text-books of literature, but it alone is not sufficient to perpetuate the fame of the writer, and it is to be hoped that no text-book accord a notice to "Trilby," at least its ephemeral popularity should be the only point mentioned.

The issue of an ideal Catholic Weekly is the object of a competition engaged in during the last few years by most of our Catholic papers. While we would be at a loss to decide who should bear away the palm of superiority, we venture to say that quite

a number deserve it; at least, they are very near the mark. But little is yet to be desired both as regards contents and literary excellence, and that little is being supplied rapidly. Thus the "Catholic Universe" has added a feature which still further increases the merits of that excellent paper. Upon the suggestion of a reader it now publishes sketches of standard authors with a short criticism of their works. While these sketches are intended to serve as landmarks for young men who have no other opportunity of informing themselves about the productions of literature, they will likewise prove of interest and benefit to other classes of readers. *En passant* we may remark that this is not the only feature that distinguishes the "Catholic Universe."

Besides the publication of a quarterly bulletin giving a student's percentage in all his classes and the standing of his conduct and application to studies, which is sent to wards and parents, it is believed by the Faculty that the names of the students who hold the highest notes in their classes at the end of the month should be mentioned in the Collegian. It is evident that the rigid examinations for graduating established last year, and the requirements for advancement in classes instituted by the Faculty this year, have raised the standard of education at St. Joseph's to a very high degree. The monthly appearance of the Class Honor in the college journal, it is thought, will stimulate the students, ambition to noble emulation and serve as a just reward for the merits of his zeal and labor.



LITERARY NOTES.

The announcement of a series of Catholic novels by American authors, by the Benzigers has awakened much interest and favorable comment among the circle of readers and critics to whom the advancement of Catholic literature has always been an object of solicitude and pride. The series is to include the names of all the prominent novelists of the day who have devoted themselves to the interests of the Church in the world of letters, and is to be appropriately crowned by the publication of a Round Table containing their biographies and a suitable story from each. The receipt of the first two books, the Vacation of Edward Conway, and Mr. Billy Buttons (price 1.25) each was acknowledged in the October Collegian; but for the benefit of our readers we append a more extensive notice in the present number.

Mr. Billy Buttons by Walter Lecky, can hardly be called a novel; it is rather a collection of sketches of life and character as found among the Adirondacks, jotted down by a country doctor to whom, after his contact with the outside world, the peculiarities and eccentricities of the mountaineers appeal all the more forcibly in the light of the marked contrast. There is much to admire in the rough but kindhearted old guides, Billy and Blind Cagy; and we cannot feel that they have lost much through their secluded lives and their ignorance of the customs and accomplishments of our so-called "polite society." The advent of Slithers, the all-wise and loquacious professor, lends a vein of humor to the book, though it is almost nullified towards the last, at the thought of his base act of treachery and ingratitude towards one who had befriended him; while the tenderness and pathos exhibited in the lives and actions of many of the other characters, es-

pecially in that of the gentle Pere Monnier are sure to strike a responsive chord in our hearts. Taken as a whole the book is equal to anything Mr. Lecky has yet written and will certainly meet with the favor it deserves.

"The Vacation of Edward Conway" a society novel of modern American life, is the latest production of the facile pen of Maurice Francis Egan. The scene is laid in "Swansmere" a pleasant colony on the banks of the Hudson, the home of retired army people — "congenial souls who had hated one another in different parts of the country all their lives and who now longed to spend the rest of their existence together."

Major Dion Conway with his Arcadian dreams, and the Ritualistic Giles Carton who was very high in his religious views though not a firm believer in auricular confession, are very interesting; while the personage of Edward Conway commands our never-flagging attention. The different scenes of the story are closely interwoven and the reader is not wearied or confused by a multiplicity of characters. We are growing tired of the ephemeral novel of the day and delight in perusing Edward Conway, containing something more substantial. Mr. Egan is a peer in the realm of our living Catholic novelists, and it affords us pleasure to state that his latest effort has been upheld by an eminent critic, as his masterpiece.

The same Firm is also publishing a line of religious works, among the latest of which are the "Catholic Home Annual; (price \$1.25) and a new edition of "Goffine's Devout Instructions" (price \$1.00).

The Annual answers every purpose of a first class Catholic almanac. To suit the masses, the stories should not be lengthy but interesting. Those of the Annual possess such requisites and are also instructive.

The numerous illustrations are beautiful and edifying.

The new edition of Goffine's Instructions is much superior to the old both from a literary and a typographical stand-point. The text has been carefully revised and has received the imprimatur from the proper authorities, and a flattering notice in a preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The illustrations, over one hundred and forty in number, and the new type and binding add greatly to the intrinsic value of the work and make it remarkably cheap at the price it is selling. Of the saintly author and his work it is scarcely necessary to say much. For nearly two hundred years the Instructions have been held in high esteem by the hierarchy of Germany who are well aware of the immense good it has effected among their people. We earnestly trust that the translation will perform a similar mission in our own land, and that it will find a place on the tables of all Catholic families along side the Bible whose lessons and teachings it so well explains.

SOCIETIES.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first election of the society took place Sunday, Sept. 27th with the following result.

President, Arnold Weyman.
 Vice President, Edw. J. Vogel.
 Secretary, G. C. Heimburger.
 Treasurer, Jos. Engesser.
 Critic, Edw. J. Mungovan.
 Editor, Thos. P. Travers.
 Marshal, Felix T. Seroczynski.
 Executive Com. { Didacus A. Brachman.
 { Gabriel M. Cotter.
 { Alphons A. Roth.

At the meeting held Oct. 11th the president made a few remarks in which he tersely explained the aim of the society and assured the audience that by Commencement Day of '94 the society would send forth a constellation of "stars" which would dazzle all by their brightness. The program rendered was as follows:

- I. Music, ... Czarina Band.
- II. Recitation, G. M. Cotter.

THE RAVEN.

- III. Comical Recitation .. H. Fehrenbach.
- IV. Recitation Edw. J. Mungovan.

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

- V. Music, Return of Spring ... Quartette.
- All the participants did credit to their parts, but to Mr. Fehrenbach who so admirably impersonated "an old salt" particular praise is due. Numerically the society never was so prosperous, there being seventy names on the roll, and we may expect much from the Columbians before June, '96.

Wednesday Oct. 21st being the fourth anniversary of the society's birth, the following program was rendered in honor of the event:

- I. Music { Mr. A. Weyman
 Duet for Piano & Violin { Mr. P. Staiert.
- II. Inaugural Address, A. Weyman.
- III. Recitation, J. P. Burke.
- IV. Queen Mab from Shakes-
 pere. { Mr. A. Missler
 { Mr. A. Cook.
- V. Song "Our Country" Choir.
- VI. The Saracens Brothers
 { Mr. A. Riester
 { Mr. D. Brackman
- VII. Music, Evening Prayer. ... Quartette.

The program was somewhat short but its brevity was fully compensated for by the happy rendition of the various parts.

The theme of Mr Weyman's inaugural was "Oratory." He showed a complete mastery of the subject and alluded to the influence which orators wielded in the present campaign.

Mr. Burke spoke his piece in a manner which would have done credit to any member of the society, although this was his first appearance on our stage. Considering that he will remain with us three more years we may reasonably expect much of him ere the class of '00 leaves our college walls.

Not a few were disappointed by the non-appearance of the "Columbian" which was always the source of much pleasure to all. It has been rumored that this contemporary of ours has gone into the hands of a receiver. The "Collegian" correspondent was unable to ascertain the truth of the assertion.

The St. Boniface Society convened on Sept. 27th and the following officers were elected.

Pres. A. C. Riester.
Vice Pres. L. Fralich.
Sec. J. Stinebrunner.
Treas. Edw. Lye.
Critric, F. J. Koch.
Librarian, Felix Serocznski.

Ex. Com. { Edw. Vogel.
 { Edw. Mungovan.
 { Henry Reichert.

MARIAN SODALITY.

The initial meeting was held in the chapel Sunday, Oct. 4th with Father Benedict as Spiritual Director. He gave a thorough explanation of the Sodality's mission and afterwards presented all the names of all those religious students who as yet are not members to be voted upon Dec. 8th the feast of the Immaculate Conception. In the meantime all students wishing to become members should hand their

names to one of the prefects. The prefects elected for the ensuing term are:

Prefect, James F. Connelly.
First Ass't. Prefect, L. A. Eberle.
Second Ass't Prefect, .. Edw. J. Mungovan.

The secretary and consultors have not yet been appointed.

MILITARY.

The battalion has once more been re-organized and the prospects for the coming year are bright indeed. Owing to the absence of Father Raphael our former chaplain, the Rev. Faculty has appointed Father Stanislas who has already evinced such interest in the students behalf as Master of Discipline, to fill the vacancy. The other officers for the year '96-'97 are:

Major.

Lawrence A. Eberle.

Adjutant.

Aid-de-camp.

Capt. Mungovan.

T. J. Kuenle.

Co. A.—S L. G.

Capt T. P. Travers.

I. Lieut. Felix T. Seroczynski; II Lieut. Alb. A. Riester, I. Sergeant, A. A. Roth, II. Sergeant, J. Steinbrunner.

Co. B. — W. C.

Capt. Jos. Engesser,

I. Lieut. Wm. Hoerdeman, II Lieut. Edw. Byrne. I. Sergeant, Henry Reichert. II. Sergeant. T. McLaughlin.

Several important changes in the companies have been made. The B. C. G. formerly known as the squad and composed of subordinate officers and select privates, will be composed of all commissioned officers only, in order that they may acquire a more thorough knowledge of sword movements. The squad will be commanded by Major Eberle.

The S. L. G. will devote its time to fancy drills for exhibition purposes. In

addition to the regular uniform, it is probable that the members will procure duck trousers to be worn when greater display may be called for.

The W. C. is rapidly mastering all elementary movements and Capt. Engesser often has visions of flying colors etc.

It is no longer a rumor but a fact that we are to have an entertainment to be given by the battalion in the near future. The entertainment will be on a more elaborate scale than anything heretofore attempted by the Military organizations. The project has met with the hearty approbation of the Rev. Faculty and it now rests with the battalion to make a success of it.

ALOYSIAN.

That this society has come to stay can no longer be doubted. By constant perseverance they have succeeded in inducing the Faculty to give them a suitable room for society purposes. A foundation for a society library has been laid and the Aloysians are now "at home" in the room formerly occupied by Father Paulinus. The election held Sept. 27th. resulted as follows:

President, Wm. Laibe.
Vice President, Henry Kalvelage.
Secretary, Robert Peelle.
Treasurer, Geo. Aug.
Editor and Librarian, Eugene Schweitzer.
Marshal, Maurice Peelle.

Executive Com. { George Diefenbach
 { John Hatfield
 { Chas. Rohrkemper.

F. T. S.

ATHLETICS.

Columbus day was also field day at St. Joseph's, and it was signalized by a hard fought victory over the Rensselaer foot-ball

eleven and a defeat from two representatives of its tennis club. The two games supplied a long felt want: something to unite the sympathy of all classes. The event was successful to a marked degree. Not for one moment during the game, replete with brilliant plays did their enthusiasm tire. Scarcely would one squad finish the yell, when another took it up and reechoed it over the campus. From the tops of each goal floated two tapering pennants, serving as an inspiration to the team. Rensselaer had also its "rooters." Quite a number of carriages and all the members of the high school were present to cheer the black and red.

The field events resulted:

Event.	Winner.	Time.
100 yd. dash. (Sr.)	L. Fralick.	11 seconds.
" " " (Jr.)	W. Laibe.	12 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
75 " " (M.)	E. Kiely.	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
100 " hurdle C.	H. Cook.	14 "

THE TENNIS GAME.

Messrs. Wilson and Spitler represented Rensselaer, and Riester and Travers the college. A lack of practice was manifest in the latter's work. Wilson and Spitler played a model game, opportune smashing being a prominent feature. Score, Rensselaer 6—6; College 1—1.

THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

At 4 o'clock, the stalwart Rensselaer men appeared on the gridiron. The concert of action exhibited in their preliminary practice elicited much favorable comment, and filled many with grave doubts as to the result. Especially so when it was considered that their adversaries coach, Cap't Brown was formerly a substitute on the Champaign team.

The average weight of Rensselaer's line was at least fifteen pounds more than that of the College. The only thing that saved us from defeat was our superior strategy. Practice and team work is what the team needs. The individual play was excellent. Reichert at center was a stone wall. Both his offensive

and defensive play were admirable. A fore knowledge of the ball's actions is one of his strongest points. Steinbruner and Maloy as tackles performed prodigies. Twice Maloy tackled well, when failure meant a touch-down. Mungovan, Cap't and quarter, played his usual heady game. His interference was particularly effective, and he contested for the team's points with a vim which usually produced the desired effect. McNeil and Snyder put up a snappy game. The former was ever ready to drop on the ball after a fumble. His interference for McLaughlin's run was superb. Fralich and McLaughlin, opposed to men of twice their weight, each succeeded in making a touch down after difficult dodging and fast sprinting. Boeke and Byrne, though sometimes broken through by the avoirdupois of the opposite guards, preserved their grit to the end, and played a fast game. Of our Herculean full-back, little need be said. Called upon at every critical point in the game, he never failed to respond with a brilliant dash or a terrific rush. Taken all in all, he was every thing that a full-back should be.

IN DETAIL.

Brown won the toss and chose the north goal. Besinger kicked 45 yds. to Brown, who was downed in 10 yds. George tried left end for 20 yds. Two wedges with no advance caused Brown to kick 45 yds. to Besinger, who pushed ahead 5 yds. before downed by Carr. A criss-cross by McLaughlin around right end for 70 yds. and St. Joseph's first touch-down amid the inspiring strains of the band and the frantic cheers of the spectators. McNeil missed goal by the narrowest of margins. Score, St. Joseph 4, Rensselaer 0. George kicked 35 yds. to Steinbruner. Foul tackling by Rensselaer gave us 15 yds. Bessinger hit right end for 25 yds. Two yards were lost on a fumble. A foul tackle on Mungovan again allowed us 15 yards. A second criss-cross and Fra-

lich covered the intervening 30 yds. with the team at his heels. McNeil kicked goal. Score, St. Joseph's 10; Rensselaer 0. George kicked 45 yds. to Besinger, downed in 5 yds. McLaughlin tried center for 1 yd. Besinger kicked 20 yds. to Saylers, Saylers fumbled and McNeil dropped on the ball. After two ineffectual wedges, Besinger's kick was blocked by several Rensselaer men breaking through center Mungovan fumbled, and Rensselaer secured the ball. A series of wedges and rushes by F. Maloy, George, and Brown carried the pigskin over our goal. George made a miserable attempt at goal. Score, St. Joseph, 10; Rensselaer 4. Besinger kicked 55 yds. as time was called. In the second half, Brinley replaced George as full back. Brinley kicked to our fifteen yd. line to Steinbruner, who followed an excellent interference for 10 yds. Rensselaer got the ball on McLaughlin's fumble. F. Maloy tore around for 4 yds. Brinley followed for 1 more. Steady rushing advanced the ball to our three yd. line, where two attempts at forcing center were repelled; but on the third down, F. Maloy was shoved over for a second touch-down. Brown started out successfully but failed goal. Score, St. Joseph: 10; Rensselaer 8. Besinger kicked to Rensselaer's 5 yd. line. Rushes by F. Maloy, Brinley and Brown netted 69 yds., where the ball went to the College on a foul tackle. By two rushes, around right and left ends, and a bluff consultation Besinger gained 40 yds. Fralich lost three by a confusion of signals. Besinger kicked 25 yds. Time called with the ball on Rensselaer's 15-yd line.

College.	Line up.	Rensselaer
McNeil.	R. End.	Woodworth
B. Maloy.	R. Tackle.	Tucker
Snyder.	L. End.	Marshall
Steinbruner.	L. Tackle	Wright
Boeke	L. Guard	Kohler
Byrne.	R. "	Carr
Reichert.	Center	Kohler
McLaughlin	L. Half-back	Brown

Fralich.	R. Half-back.	F. Maloy.
Mungovan.	I. Back.	Saylers.
Besinger.	Full-back.	{ George
		{ Brinley

Umpire and Referee, Morris; Linesman, Reynolds; Timekeeper, Connelly. Touch-downs, F. Maloy (2), Fralich, McLaughlin, Halves, 20 minutes.

PARNELL TRAVERS. '99

EXCHANGES.

Within its tasteful and classical covers, the *Stylus*, as is usually the case, again holds articles penned with skill and *verve*, which are bound to sustain its well-merited prestige as a college journal. From our point of view, the originality of the trend of thought is no less in evidence than the lucid and striking sentiments expressed throughout its pages. "Moral Training Of The Boy In Ancient Athens" and "The Boy In Shakespeare," two clever productions in the October number, are full of interest, agreeable and entertaining. From the time of Ascham, the renowned schoolmaster, down to the present time numerous views or hints on education have been discussed. The educational system of Boston College or the method of teaching employed by the Jesuit Fathers is elucidated and the treatise breathes an instructive spirit. We are glad to notice the statement offering a prize for the best competition essay printed in the *Stylus* prior to May 1st. 1897. This will instigate an emulation among the writers vieing for the guerdon, and consequently we may expect the future issues of the *Stylus* to be equipped with elaborate productions.

The September number of the *St. James School Journal* gives a fine insight into the literary excellence maintained in the school. The Class Poem is deftly and admirably done. The Class History, narrating the adventures

of the class of '96 wandering in pursuit of knowledge, is charmingly told in the flowing cadence which marks the grand-epic of Virgil relating in the rich and melodious strains the wanderings of Aeneas; or the harmonious versification of "Evangeline," the brightest gem of Longfellow's poetic treasures. The past numbers of the *St. James School Journal* are well worth reading and stand high among its contemporaneous journals published by young ladies.

The *Mountaineer* has always been prompt in reaching our *sanctum* and we have regarded it as on a parity with the most prominent of our exchanges. But since the July number it has not made its appearance. We wonder what delays its visit. The *Mountaineer* being one of our first acquaintances, we are loath to exclude or dele from the list of our exchanges a paper that has won for itself so noteworthy a standard.

We are recipients of the following, which we read with profit and interest: *The Ave Maria*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Dial*, *The Purple*, *Agnesian Monthly*, *St. Mary's Record*, *Fordham Monthly*, *The Viatorian*, *The Month*, *The Salve Regina*, *The Young People*, *Boston Pilot*, *The Catholic Universe* and others.

I. F. ZIRCHER.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ALBANS, ITALY.

The following brief sketch of an entertainment given at Albans is taken from the "La Voce Della Verita" published at Rome.

Today, on the 7th of October, we enjoyed a truly beautiful entertainment given by the students of the Missionary Fathers of the Precious Blood in their church of St. Paul in

this city, which was a complete success in every way.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Bishop Lucido M. Parrochi, was present, accompanied by his Vicar General, Mgr. Constantino De Santis, by the Director—General of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, by the Very Rev. Godfrey Schlachter, Consultor of the American Province, by a great part of the Chapter C. PP. S., and by many distinguished Dignitaries from the city and adjacent places. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity by an appreciative audience.

The theme was: "Leo XIII. and the Blessed Eucharist." The Very Rev. D. Luigi Fantozzi, President of the institution delivered a very thoughtful address that was much applauded. The discourses that followed were most beautiful and effective, as was also the music with Mr. Nazareno Ricci at the organ.

During the intermissions, the students of the different departments that were found worthy were made the recipients of medals of honor. The Literary, Philosophical, and Theological courses at the seminary are complete in all their parts, and instruction is given by professors with great care and intelligence; the professors being graduates of Roman schools. Nobody is, therefore, surprised that the many youths are desirous of entering the institution and that the Missionaries of the Precious Blood will go on increasing in number and continue in doing much good by their preaching.

PERSONALS.

Rev. John Berg of Remington spent Columbus Day with us.

Rev. Father Roemer of Delphi gave us a short call Sept. 26th.

Father Kroll of Chesterton, Ind. spent Oct. 2 at Collegeville.

Very Rev. Father Dinnen, Dean of St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind., honored us with a short call Oct. 8th.

Mr. Christian Klaas one of our former students is now continuing his classical studies at St. Francis' Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Keilman, St. John's, Ind. recently made a visit to her two sons Joseph and Nicholas who are both taking the commercial course.

Mr. Peter Cosgrove who last year took the commercial course here is now taking a special course in Chemistry at Ruther University, Indianapolis, Ind.

Father Geitl, C. PP. S. of California, Missouri, formerly Superintendent of the Indian School, spent Oct. 19th at Collegeville. He is well remembered by many of our students.

Rev. Geo. Smith of Cincinnati, Ohio, paid us a short visit about the last of September. He was accompanied by his brother Mr. Alphonse Smith who is now taking the classical course at this place.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Jos. R. Wechter '96, now of St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio. He is in good health and spirits and sends best wishes to all friends at Collegeville.

Father Berg of Shererville, Ind. and Father Dandaurand, assistant pastor of St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind. stopped a few hours at this place on their return from Forty Hours at Remington, Ind.

Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S. recently received a letter from Professor Carl Hemmersbach, who for several years was director of the military band and also choir master at St. Augustine's Church at Rensselaer, Ind. He is now in Vienna. Although Europe has many attractions, he nevertheless finds there is no country like the United States and

hopes to return to the "Land of the Free" next year. We miss Prof. Hemmersbach's familiar face very much and hope he will be able to carry out his intentions so that next September will find him again in our midst.

Owing to ill-health Mr. Peter Michaels of Dyer, Ind. was compelled to abandon his studies, leaving for home Oct. 5th. During his brief stay here he had endeared himself to his fellow students, who earnestly wish for his recovery and consequent return to his classical studies.

The little hearts of Masters Robert and Maurice Peele were gladdened by a visit from their mother and little sister Agnes on Sunday, Oct. 25, and Master John Hatfield shared their joy in the same measure as he was equally fortunate in having with him his mother and little brother on that day. Mrs. Peele and Mrs. Hatfield are always welcome guests at St. Joseph's.

John F. Cogan, A. M. '96, who had recovered from a serious attack of typhoid fever so as to be able to enter the Seminary at Cincinnati, O., has, we are sorry to say, suffered a relapse which necessitated his removal to the Good Samaritan Hospital. We are glad to learn that his condition has so far improved as to enable him to return to his home at Glynwood, O., Oct. 20, where according to latest reports he is rapidly recovering.

Joseph Abel, A. M. '96, of St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis. recently by letter outlined the work done by the philosophy class during the first year, and expressed his satisfaction with the course. There are now at St. Francis' one hundred theologians and twenty-two philosophers. Mr. Abel often thinks of his Alma Mater and sends greetings to his Collegeville friends. Mr. Anthony Wagner '96, who also attends the same institution, kindly remembers St. Joseph's and the many friends made during his half-year's stay at this place.

Since the last issue of the Collegian several distinguished names have graced our visitor's list. On Sept. 26th Hon. James A. Mount, Republican candidate for Gov. of Ind., after having delivered a lengthy speech at Rensselaer, in company with the chairman of the Central Committee, our friend mayor McCoy, he drove over to this place and made a short address to the students. It was, however, unfortunate that he was unable to secure a more suitable time, as he was obliged to address us during class hours and many were thus compelled to withgo the pleasure of hearing him. His beautiful and highminded remarks were frequently applauded by the students.

We were also honored on Sept 29th, by the presence of Hon. Benjamin Shively, the Silver tongued orator of Indiana, and Democratic candidate for Governor. He spoke at Rensselaer in the afternoon and was received in the evening by St. Joseph's students with much enthusiasm and escorted to the college auditorium by the Boebner Columbian Guards where in the presence of the Faculty and all the students he held his auditors spell-bound by his matchless oratory and convincing logic. Before leaving Mr. Shively expressed his thanks for the reception accorded him and hoped that he would have the opportunity of addressing us again.

It is with no common pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of a letter from Mr. Jos. A. Dickman of Sedalia, Missouri. Mr. Dickman, as our students well remember, was one of our most exemplary students during the year '94 and '95. His distinguished talents and earnest application secured for him the highest per cent made during the entire year. He is at present employed in his father's furniture factory and is enjoying good health. He is also a subscriber to the Collegian, which shows that time has not cooled his affection for St. Joseph's. He informs us that Willie Van Hoof, "Pat", an-

other Missouri boy, whose presence in the minim department we distinctly recall, is attending the High School in that city. They both send us their good wishes and we in our turn wish them unbounded success.

STUDENTS' NEWS BUDGET.

"Sustine et Abstine."

Some more of them kinds o'old salts.

Where did you get that sardonic smile?

Let's now vote for free and unlimited "rec."

The Blues won the game, the Reds got the blues.

Bernny says "piger" is the comparative of pig.

Some one has said that "Beauty lies in curved lines." What is the matter with "geometrical Joe."

Aid de Camp Kuenle wishes to know where Coin's Financial School is located. Crussi thinks it is on Salt Lake.

Mr. Bill Ney gives this version of "Sus est mala quum ea nancisci potest." The pig is mean where he can be so.

The random of a projectile is according to Albert's System of Natural Philosophy, what is known as the diabolical curve.

Six bud and blossom tablets for a nickel specially adapted for taking sporting notes, for sale at C. Daniels & Co's stationery.

"Porky" wants to know when and by whom thunder was invented. Lightning he claims was discovered by Benj. Franklin about 1750 B. C.

Some say that the Major's head was tossed and shattered about the premises; but Roth denies the assertion and claims it was a cabbage head.

Greek text-books for the use of teaching beginners how to make a clean sweep on the

gridiron, for sale at the Red, White, and Green front store.

Alfons says, one of his uncles is a farmer and the other an agriculturalist. The one deals in farm products; and the other, in farming implements.

Wrote some one in his story "Although he was very much engrossed in the affairs of this world, he was even more anxious to preserve within himself undisturbed peas."

A bald headed "bird," and a tawdry plumed "rooster" lit upon a "cabbage head" picking it to the core, whilst the hungry "Panther" went in pursuit of "Pork."

Leonhard has of late been diligently searching the calendar to find a saint who was a baker: if his search proves unsuccessful, he promises to be the first of the order.

The Parliamentary Law Class has again been reorganized and under the able direction of Mr. Christian Daniels C. PP. S. it certainly will attain a standard to be proud of before the close of the year.

The gun-racks have been artistically remodeled and touched over with the artists' brush. The major also informs us that the gun's will be bronzed in the near future, which surely will complete the neatness of the army.

In the sixth Latin Class maxim "Testina Lente" was given as a subject for composition, and "Skinny" according to his interpretation wrote on the "Festivals of Lent." His subject was rather short, so also was his per cent.

One of the senior students while making his usual rounds on the track, happened to spy his slender form in a morning's shadow, and suddenly he stopped and said; "say, boys, I look like a New York dude."

The foot-ball games brought out some genuine "chollies." John Patric sallied forth, richly caparisoned after the manner of occidental Beau Brunwels. "Billy" was perfection, with the exception of a very ugly gash

on the foretop left open to the vulgar gaze by the shearing of his ambrosial locks. "Johnny clear" lost his curling iron, and consequently could not appear on the field.

George, jubilant in having wiped Pats' "Southerners" gave vent to his enthusiasm in a revised form of an old refrain. "And the wi wi wi wind bl - bl - bl - blew, th - th - through his wi - wi - wi - whiskers.

Engesser surely cannot be charged with disloyalty to the college colors. Hearing several Rensselaer supporters cheering their favorites, he advised them to cease, and added in explanation, "that's the umpire's business."

The tennis club after having led a nomadic life for several weeks has at last settled in the vicinity of the gridiron and the only regret is that the spot was not sooner discovered. During "rec." hours the court is seldom idle.

The College song edited in the June number has received an additional stanza by the author, Mr. Fitzpatrick. We hope Father Clement will soon arrange the music for it, so that we may do merited honor to the composer.

All the students have with eagerness joined in devotion to the Queen of the most Holy Rosary. Every Sunday during the month of October they attend the recitation of the rosary in common, and the class whose turn it is to lead the prayers in the sanctuary values this privilege very highly.

The "grads" are now walking around with faces very much like those of Brother Vincent's turkeys on Thanksgiving eve. Cheer up, there are still several months in which you can repair if not redeem many, many precious moments which are gone forever.

Since the use of Greek on the "grid" met with such success, the members of the different Greek classes have resolved never to say "It wont do me any good" any more. It had

such an effect on Eberle, that, unable to free his mind at night, he would walk the floor conjugating the verb, "paideuo."

The gentlemanly bearing which the visiting foot-ball team and the citizens of Rensselaer evinced during the contests on Field day is surely worthy of our recognition and regard, and should the team make another challenge to meet on the "grid" we shall be happy to extend another hearty invitation.

The Aloysian Literary Society of the minim department, bids fair to rival even with the C. L. S. in future years. It has now a handsome decorated reading room, formerly occupied by Father Paulinus, and the shelves are fast being filled with select literature. They also have a museum case, where the boys delight in depositing their little curiosities. The little enthusiasts are very grateful for the deep interest shown them by the Faculty.

Just as we were deeply engaged in the contests on Field Day, a telegram reached us from the quiet walls of St. Mary's Seminary, Price Hill, congratulating the C. L. S. on the fourth anniversary of its founding, and wishing success to the Red, White, and Green on the gridiron. We were delighted to learn the deep interest the "grads" take in their Alma Mater, and we are proud to report to the sender, Mr. Fitzpatrick, the success of the entire day.

Mr. Eberle is truly deserving the title Major for the deep interest he takes in the military department. Quite a number of the new members have given their orders for complete uniforms, and on the 18th of Nov. the boys will make their first appearance in public. For that occasion a unique program is being prepared which will consist of fancy gun and sword movements, also a burlesque drill, which promises to out-rival even the one of two years ago. The drills will be interspersed with good music, select

solos, and recitations. The entertainment will conclude with a comical afterpiece of "pioneer" days, during which a paper will be read by Mr. Mungovan, touching on the funny side of life, dating back as far as 1840.

On the afternoon of Oct. 12th, there was an unusual disturbance in the air. The feline and canine inhabitants hissed and barked, and in a chase were lost in the distant forests. The neighboring cattle herds almost frenzied sought refuge under their straw roofs, while a number of students unaware of the fact that the military companies were rehearsing the College yell, came rushing from the library and other parts of the building to learn what strange phenomena had dared to irritate the peaceful atmosphere about the College. They were soon calmed and in "una voce" the notes pealed forth:

Ree! Rah! Ree! etc.

ALOYSIAN NOTES.

"Oh, you ain't so hot!"

Gamma, Gamma, 61x296. Go!

Who ate so much cake that he could not study?

The following students have been voted into our society at the last meeting: Hatfield, John; Thienes, Thomas; Jeffres, George; Rohrkemper, Charles; Keilman, Joseph; Keilman, Nicholas; Kiely, Edward; Hoerstman, Henry.

By kindness of our Spiritual Director, Father Bonaventure, a reading room was lately prepared for the Aloysians; and we wish to thank the Faculty for this timely favor, as also our kind friends, the Columbians, for presenting to us a handsome bookcase.

We are very happy to note our library shelves filling more and more; our reading table is also very choice. Among the papers

and magazines the "Young Catholic Messenger," "Normal Instructor," "Catholic Youth," "Young Folks' Catholic Weekly," and "Our Young People" are the most prominent.

Our society has just procured very neat medals in form of a Maltese cross, bearing the image of St. Aloysius on the face, and the inscription, "Aloysian Literary Society, Collegeville, Ind.," on the pin-bar. Boys we are all right now!

Our first public program was given in the College auditorium Oct. 28th. In future we shall have private programs every other Sunday at 10 A. M., and the Columbians are cordially invited to attend. We will also give public programs at times.

Of course, the Aloysians readily acknowledge the superiority of the Columbians; but in one instance, at least, we are far ahead of them. Our patron is a most lovely and great saint, whom the Columbians themselves revere; but to our knowledge, they have not succeeded as yet to canonize Columbus

E. SCHWEITZER, Editor.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

As you have lately elected me to the presidency of our Literary Society, I am to give you to-day, my introductory speech. I will, therefore, address you, in a few words, on the benefits of societies; for this seems a very proper theme for the occasion.

What are the benefits one can derive from literary societies? Some one may ask this question. And what are we to answer? There are many and happy benefits for the members of such organizations. Look, for instance, at the great men of our time. Who are the famous speakers at the bar and on the pulpit? They are men of knowledge, at which they arrived in literary societies.

Again, take a young man who had no education, who knows nothing of literary societies. Now let him get up to address an

audience, if but of his comrades; and tēn to one he will not find anything to say, but be embarrassed. On the other hand, a member of a literary society will face an audience with confidence, and for the most times treat them finely, too. Or do I say too much? Let us see. We Aloysians are just starting on the road of success. We are not yet fixed and polished by the last finishing touch. Nevertheless, I can call upon any of you to step forward and give us a speech, and he will entertain us royally. Now the art of speaking and reading well is one benefit of a literary society, the object of which is to foster the education of both the mind and the heart. Let us then make good use of the opportunity proffered us. Let us be diligent in study, and place ourselves under the protection of our patron and model, St. Aloysius; and we shall be happy in reaping the benefits of our literary society.

WM. LAIB, Pres.

CLASS HONORS.

The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest or *exaequo* percentage in their respective classes during the month of September.

NORMAL COURSE.

Grammar,—J. Boeke.
Geography,—F. Hurst.
Physiology,—J. Boeke.
Pedagogics,—J. Boeke.
U. S. History,—J. Boeke.
Civil Government,—C. Didier.
Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Penmanship,—J. Riefers.
Book-Keeping,—T. Thienes, G. Diefenbach, E. Kiely.
Book-Keeping and Com. Law.
Class I.—C. Crusey.
“ II.—T. McLaughlin.

“ III.—J. Engesser, C. Didier.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Latin II.—H. Kalvelage, S. Hartman.

“ III.—D. Neuschwanger.

“ IV.—P. Kanney.

“ V.—T. Brackman, G. Cotter.

“ VI.—J. Connelly, G. Heimbürger.
Greek I.—P. Kanney.

“ II.—F. Koch, T. Brackman.

“ III.—S. Kuhnmuensch, G. Hartgens.
English Grammar I.—B. Holler.

“ “ II.—E. Schweitzer.

Grammar and Rhetoric.—G. Didier, P. Kanney.

Rhetoric and Literature.—A. Riester, D. Brackman.

Poetry and Literature.—I. Zircher.

German I.—J. Boeke, B. Maloy.

“ II.—T. Travers.

“ III.—B. Wittemann.

“ IV.—D. Neuschwanger.

“ V.—U. Schuette.

French I.—D. Brackman.

“ II.—S. Kuhnmuensch.

Religion I.—Z. Jaeckle.

“ II.—W. Arnold, J. Morris, J. Reifers, S. Hartman.

Religion III.—F. Seroczynski, U. Frenzer, T. Travers, W. Hordeman.

Religion IV.—D. Brackman, F. Koch.

Geography I.—Z. Jaeckle, R. Stolz.

“ II.—H. Kalvelage.

History Modern.—D. Brackman.

History, U. S.—D. Neuschwanger.

Arithmetic I.—E. Kiely.

“ II.—P. Baker.

“ III. and Algebra I.—H. Reichert.

Algebra II.—T. Travers, A. Roth, V. Schuette

Algebra III. and Geometry I.—A. Riester, D. Brackman, H. Fehrenbach.

Geometry II.—S. Kuhnmuensch.

Chemistry.—G. Heimbürger, E. Walters.

Natural Philosophy.—A. Riester, T. Brackman, D. Brackman.